Numb. 98.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From **Friday** January 14th. to **Wedneſday** January 19th. 1708.

Q. *GEntlemen, pray Anſwer a Queſtion, what ſhould be the reaſon, that when I am at Church I ſhould be ſo ſleepy more than at another time; and when I am at Prayers, why I ſhould have ſo many ſtrange notions at that time, more than at another. I do what I can to prevent theſe things, but can't. Yours,* W. F.

A. As you propoſe two Queſtions, ſo to the firſt we anſwer, that the cauſe of ſo Unſeaſonable a Drowſineſs may not Improbably procede from your not being ſo ſenſibly affected with Piety and Devotion, as with either Secular Affairs, or matters of Diverſion. And tho', from your endeavours to Prevent ſo Lethargical a temper, you may be ready to rejoyn, that you deſire nothing more than to ſecure the Important Concernment of Eternity, yet we beg leave to tell you, that to Deſire a thing, and to be ſenſibly Affected with it, are not Terms Equivolent. Some, but Pious Perſons, bitterly Complain, that they are conſcious of no raviſhing Delight, in what is to others the Rapturous Contemplation of *better things to come*. Now, that they are Deſirous of ſuch a Raviſhing Delight, is Evident from the Complaint it ſelf; that they enjoy not the Object of their Deſire, appears from the matter of the Complaint.

The beſt way therefore to overcome the Drowſineſs you complain of, is to Contemplate *the Beauty of Holineſs*; to Reflect upon that God, who is *Fairer than the Children of Men*; to Conſider that Son of God, who is *full of Grace and Truth*; to Meditate, frequently to Meditate on the Beatific Viſion, on that *Fulneſs of Joy*, which is in the *Preſence* of our Heavenly Father, *on thoſe Rivers of Pleaſure, which are at His right hand for evermore.*

But if you are of a Melancholy Temper, That may probably render your endeavours Ineffectual. And in caſe they do, you muſt look upon your ſucceſsleſs Enterprize, not as your Sin, but Misfortune; and conſequently make it the Object, not of your Concern, but Reſignation.

The Reaſon of your Second Query is the Product of your Firſt. For if you are not ſenſibly affected with your Devotional Employment, no wonder, that every Impertinent, every Rambling Thought ſhou'd Intrude it ſelf. But if you ſhall have uſed your utmoſt endeavours to prevent it without effect, you muſt reſt contented under it, and depend upon the goodneſs of a gracious Maſter, that he will not Impute it as a Sin, will not expect *to Reap, where he has not ſown.*

Q. *I would fain know if it be a Sin to Die for Love of one, and not let him know it. Your Advice, Sirs,* &c.

A. To chooſe rather to ſubmit to the King of Terrors, than ſuffer the Object of our Love to be acquainted with our Weakneſs, it is not only a Sin, but no leſs than that ſtartling one of Self murder. The Great, the Neceſſary Law of Self-Preſervation Indiſpenſibly obliges us to Guard, to ſecure our Lives, by all Innocent, all Warrantable Methods. As therefore to ſuffer our ſelves to be Deſtroyed, when capable of Preventing it, or at leaſt of Endeavouring to Prevent it, is Virtually to Deſtroy our ſelves, ſo we thou'd ſtruggle to Diveſt our ſelves of thoſe three General Fatal Cauſes of ſo Unfortunate an Event, Baſhfulneſs (for it deſerves not the name of Modeſty) Pride, and Obſtinacy.

But ſince another Queſtion, which you ſent with this, diſcovers you a Woman, you may be ready to reply, that ſuch a Diſcovery of your Love (for by that other Queſtion we perceive the Caſe to be your own) is Derogatory to the Cuſtom of the World, to the Decorum obſerv'd by the Female-Sex. To which we reply, that when ſuch a Particular Decorum is Inconſiſtent with the Principles of Religion, and Interferes with a Neceſſary Duty, there is no Indecorum in the Violation of it. For if any thing be *Lovely*, any thing *of Good Report*; *if there be any Praiſe*, any Decorum to allure us, it is ſure a ſtrict Obedience to the Laws of God. If therefore an Unſeaſonable, a Guilty Baſhfulneſs ſhall prevail upon you to Conceal your Love to the Hazzard of your Life, as we have already pronounc'd you guilty of laying, in a manner, violent hands upon your ſelf, ſo you incur alſo the additionary guilt of Diſregarding that Apoſtolical Injunction, *be not Conformable to this World.*

Not but that we wou'd adviſe you to be Prudent too (tho' indeed, Love and Prudence are not Inſeparable Companions) and endeavour ſuch a Method of Diſcovery (and Love, as well as Neceſſity, is the Mother of Invention) as that the Perſon, who has gain'd ſo Unrival'd a Poſſeſſion of your heart, may not be ſenſible (tho' no part of the Tranſ-

action muſt tranſgreſs the Sacred Boundaries of Truth) that you were willing to let him know, what a Conqueſt he has made.

Q. *From whence ariſe, or what may occaſion, thoſe mighty Pillars of Water, commonly termed by the Sailors, Water-ſpouts, which aſcend from the Ocean, and ſpread themſelves into the Clouds.*

A. Thoſe Pillars of water, not unfitly called by the Sailors Water-ſpouts, are occaſioned by a great quantity of Vapours ariſing ſuddenly from the bottom of the Sea, through which they paſs with that Violence, that they often carry the Water before them to a great height in the Air, from whence afterwards it has been obſerved to fall again, as if it had been poured out of a Bucket, even when the Sky has been very clear. But, how (will you ſay) can theſe Vapors be produced from the bottom of the Sea, and be forc'd through ſuch a depth of Water? To that we anſwer, that this muſt needs be the effect of ſome internal heat or fire contain'd in the Bowels of the Earth, on which the Sea lieth, and that there is ſuch a fire none can doubt, if he does but read that curious and wonderful Relation of a new Iſland lately formed, not far from that of *Candia*.

A. Pray, Mr. Apollo, *tell me the meaning of an* Old Proverb, *I met with in* Latin Authors. *They ſay, when a Man has* Bad Luck, He has Rid SEJAN's HORSE.

A. The ſame ungovernable Fury, which Provok'd the *Populace* of *Rome* to *Tear in pieces* The *Great* SEJANUS, urg'd 'em to pull *down* and *break a Statue of his*, which ſtood *on Horſeback* in the City; But the *Horſe* continuing entire, a Certain *Whimſical Fore Fellow* got aſtride by way of *Rhodomantado*, which the *MOB* interpreting as a *Contempt* of their Proceedings, beat his Brains out with the *Broken Pieces* of the *Statue*. And from that *unlucky Accident* the *Proverb*, you have mention'd, took it's *Origin*.

Q. *I deſire to know the reaſon, why, when a Man hath been in Love with a Woman, and hath married another, he is More in Love with the former than he was before.*

A. Tho' You ſuppoſe the Caſe to be General, yet it is not without Exception. For ſometimes the Conſideration, that we cannot Poſſibly poſſeſs the object of our Wiſhes, Draws off our Minds from what it is in vain to wiſh for, Reſtrains our thoughts from what is without our Reach, and forbids them to make Excurſions, where there is no Magnetic Center of our hopes. But where a Diſappointment (as indeed it often does) rather encreaſes than diminiſhes our deſire, the Phænomenon procedes from our natural Inclinations to imitate our Mother *Eve*, and Long for the Forbidden Fruit. So worthleſs, ſo Empty are all Sublunary Enjoyments, that the Common Obſervation is as True as Common, that the Poſſeſſion of a Deſir'd Object falls ſhort of the Expectation. As therefore the Hopes of whatever we would obtain, come Nearer to the Enjoyment of it, than the Impoſſibility of obtaining it, which is the Fartheſt remove from it, thence it may not Improbably procede, that the Latter Inflames us with the greateſt Intenſeneſs of Deſire.

Q. *Gentlemen, I was lately taken with a Violent Bleeding at my Noſe to that degree, that all Perſons, who then ſaw me, Judg'd me to be a dead Man, by reaſon of the great Quantity of Blood I loſt; but after their opening a Vein it ſtopt. I deſire to know the reaſon, why that Blood, which came from my Noſe, ſhould be as good a Colour as poſſible for Blood to be; and that which came from my Arm, on the Contrary, as bad, tho' both came away at the ſame time. Your ſpeedy Anſwer is deſired by your Subſcriber,* J. R.

A. Becauſe the Blood flowing from your Noſe was emitted from ſome Capillery Vein or Artery, whoſe Capacities are fitted only for the fineſt of the Blood; Whilſt the greater Veſſels, as thoſe of the Arm, Jugulars, &c. are capable of containing the Groſſer as well as the Purer, and allways afford a Mixture of the whole Maſs.

Q. *Why are Welch-men called* Taffies, *and ſo often reproach'd with ridicule and contempt, when it's well known, that Country affords many Learned and Eminent Men, and there is no Country but affords a great many Fools and Blockheads. Yours,* Anonymus.

A Welch-men are Called *Taffies* from the Corruption of the word *David*, being the Name of the Tutelary Saint of that Country. And as the Generality of the World is ſo delighted with Novelties, and Conſequently Averſe to any thing of Ancient Date; So are the People of that Country ſo commonly (but Injuſtly) Ridicul'd, becauſe they Loyally perſevere in the uſe of their Priſtine Cuſtomes and Language, which is doubtleſs of very great Antiquity.

Q. *Gentlemen, How do you reconcile your Hypotheſis of the Earth's motion, with what we read in* Joſhua 10. ver. 12. 13. *Sun ſtand thou ſtill upon Gibeon, and thou Moon in the Valley of Ajalon. And the Sun ſtood ſtill, and the Moon ſtaid until the People had avenged themſelves upon their Enemies. So the Sun ſtood ſtill in the midſt of Heaven, and haſted not to go down about a whole Day. Your Anſwer is deſired by your unknown Friend,* R. G.

A. See our *Quarterly-Paper*.

Q. *What is more unhappy than an Ugly Old Maid?*

A. It is poſſible for an Handſome Young Maid, to be more Unhappy than an Ugly Old One. For Happineſs conſiſts in our own *Eaſe* and *Satisfaction*, and not in the *Opinions* of others. Therefore an Ugly old Maid, who thinks ſhe neither looks *Old* nor *Ugly* (and there be ſuch) is more happy than an Handſome Young Maid, who, not contented with the Beauty Nature hath given Her, is continually trying to improve it by Art (and there be ſuch alſo.) But then if by *Happineſs*, you mean what is the moſt Real and Perfect *Happineſs*, viz. *A Clear Conſcience void of Offence towards God and Man*, an Ugly Old Maid, has much the Advantage of an Handſome Young One, as being free from thoſe Temptations, the other is always liable to.

Q. *Pray*, Gentlemen, *whence the* Derivation *of the* Proverb, From HELL, HULL, and HALIFAX, Good Lord deliver us.

A. The *Proverb* is of *Modern Origin*, and ow'd its *Introduction* to an *Order* made, by the *Magiſtrates* of *HULL* and *HALIFAX*, to *Whip* all *Beggars* out of Town, who came anear 'em. This provok'd the *ſuffering Mortals*, to add *HELL*, to make the *Third* to *two alike deteſted Places*.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

POEMS.

Q. EMelia's *charming Air, and conquering Eyes,*
My captivated Heart to Love betray'd,
Then neſcient of my Foe, ſix reſtleſs Weeks
Forlorn I paſt, aſtoniſh'd and amazed,
All Hope of future Happineſs was loſt:
As yet I knew not who ſhe was, nor where
The Center of my trembling Thoughts was fixt,
At length I ſaw; (But Oh! the very thought

By

Sinks frighted Nature to an Ebb too Low,
By Mortal to be born) Bright as the Sun,
But common as its Light, Her Charms she yields
To Mortals base, for Lust bestows on them
The Bliss, the Brightest of our Sex wou'd Court.
What shall I do? I to your Altar bow
An humble suppliant, Instruct me then,
How, from my Anxious Mind, I may remove
These Pains ineffable; for I as yet
Cannot behold her Charms without Delight.
But when I think, a Mind depraved beneath
The Charming Flow'r does lurk, hate does ensue,
Tho' not so potent to eradiate
Firm rooted Love, and to restore my Peace.

A. When Heav'n Enricht our Bodies, with *quick* (*sense,*
And *Appetite* to Tast the Joys of Life;
It more *Enricht* our Bright Capacious *Minds*
With *Reason* to *Dilate* or *Check* those Joys,
In their own Nature *Turbulent* and *Wild*,
Tending to *Self-Destruction*, if not Rul'd,
Directed, and in *Limitations* held:
Let *Reason* (as she ought) then bear the Sway,
She will inform You, that the *Prostitute*,
Tho' *Fair* to Sight, like gilded Sepulchers,
Contains within, a Loathsome Scene of Ruin;
Which with *Contagion foul*, your *Body* soon
Will seize, and with *Remorse* Perplex your *Soul*;
Destroying those Fantastick Joys, with which
You now Indulge your *Thoughts*, and in their Room
Will introduce *Grief*, *Horror*, and *Despair*:
Unhappy Choice! But if in time You strive
Against Temptation, Heav'n with fresh supplies
Will Aid You, to a Perfect Victory.

Q. *Tis done! at length the mighty* Conflict's *o'er,*
The Lovely Traytor *shall prevail no more,*
No more with Treach'rous Arts *invade my Breast.*
Nor with neglected Vows *disturb my Rest.*
His perjur'd Accents *I no more will hear,*
Nor to his Suff'rings *lend a* fav'ring *Ear:*
Far from the False, Deluding Swain *I'll go,*
Far from this dismal Scene of Fate *and* Wo;
In some obscure Recess *I'll sorow'd my* Shame,
And to the list'ning Winds *my* Wrongs *proclaim.*
Where humble Swains *in peaceful* Cots *reside,*
Strangers to Avarice, *to* Lust, *and* Pride,
To Envy, Malice, *every* Vice *beside.*
Where harmless Sports *their happy hours employ,*
And no distracting Cares their Peace *annoy;*
Where no Inconstant, *with* enlnaring *Arts,*
False Oaths *and* Vows *betrays unguarded* Hearts;
Where Innocence *is not oppress't by* Might,
Where Pleasure *crowns the* Day, *and* Love *the* Night.
Thither I'll fly, and there my Crimes confess,
To Heav'ns *exalted Court my* Pray'rs *address;*
With penitential Tears *my* Guilt *deplore,*
And Never, Never think of Strephon *more.*

Clorinda.

A. Not any *Hero* of a Former Age,
Nor *Greater* now, which Treads the *Modern* Stage,
Cou'd ever boast a *Victory* like thine;
Nor *Trophies* shew with equal Luster shine.
They, who have Conquer'd Nations Wild and Rude,
Still by *Superior Love* have been subdu'd:
The *Great*, the *Wise*, have truckled to his Pow'r,
Their *Grandeur* yielding to a *soft Amour.*
In a *Triumphant*, shining Chariot Ride,
Thou, who hast Conquer'd Him, who Conquers all be- (*side.*
Tis wisely done, now thou'rt securely *Great,*
From fresh *Assaults*, to make a *safe Retreat.*
In Rural Joys, there let thy *Requiems* flow,
Congratulated from *Above*, and *wonder'd* at *Below.*

Q. *Harmonious Youths, whose* matchless Numbers (*shine,*
With charming Eloquence *in ev'ry line,*
Tell me (*for* You, *and* none like You) *can tell,*
Where the mysterious Springs *of* Nature *dwell:*
What secret force *doth oft my* Eyes *confine,*
On bright Clarinda's, *tho' without design,*
Whilst sympathizing Glance *returns from* her's *to* (mine.

Lucius.

A. Nature like *Nile*, conceals her *mystic head,*
From *secret Springs, Conspicuous Chanels* spread;
The *Latent Causes* still we seek in vain,
While *visible* the strange *Effects* remain;
Her *unveil'd Modesty* we often prove,
Still find her *somewhat Dark*, but *quite obscure* in (*Love.*

Q. *Aboo! Maisheter Pollow,*
Hom all Nausheons follow,
For dy Braave Graat Vishdums and Shpeeshees,
Arrah Joy be sho kind,
Shome Curement to find,
For de damnable plague in my Breeches.

Dermot Owen Mat. Swinny,
That consheited proud Ninny,
Did told, that I shou'd take Glue,
But a top of my Shoul,
It did mauke me to houl,
Tho' my Tootzes I cou'd hardly undo.

Den Dou whose wit never fails,
To these Pedic: Inqumalis,
Put a shtopt that dey grow no fashter,
Leasht by redentigrashon,
Dey Plague dy whole Nashon,
And Dou be Condemn'd ash Imposhter.

Strut O Bracket,

A. Alash

A Alaſh ! for Poor *Mac*,
Dy Shorrow's Ver Great,
And by geud *Shaint Patrick*'s Sho-buccle,
We fear it vil quaſh,
Dy Vit and Couraſh,
And Mauke dy tall Shtomack to truccle.

But tauke dis Adviſh,
('Tvil Cure in a Triſh)
Vid Gunpowder rub dy Shirt o'er,
Dat's if dou haſht One,
Den fire it, dey'll run,
And ne'er Mauke Aſſhaults any more.

All Perſons are deſir'd to Direct their Letters (Superſcrib'd for the *Britiſh Apollo*) to Mr. *Carter* at the *Green Dragon* in St. *Paul*'s Church-Yard, Mr. *Bickerton* at the *Roſe and Crown* in *Little Britain* Bookſellers, or to the Printer hereof, whether with Queſtions, or with Directions to become Subſcribers, or for whole Sets from the Beginning, or for Books of Guards neatly bound to keep them in, at 2 *s.* a piece, with all which they ſhall be ſerv'd at their Houſes by our Meſſengers.

Note, That they, who have whole Sets, are to pay Eight Shillings and Six *Pence* for all to *St. Thomas*'s Day except the Qurterly Book, of which Sets great part are gone, and we ſhall not Reprint them again, having twice reprinted them already.

Note alſo, Our Rates are 2 *s.* per Quarter without the *Monthly Paper*, and 2 *s.* 6 *d.* with, to have them brought home to their Houſes, and to pay at the end of the Quarter; they who come within the Quarter to pay only a *Penny* a piece at Quarter-day for ſo many as they have had, and 2 *d.* a piece for the Monthly. Such as live in the Country are deſired to appoint a Friend in Town to take them in for them.

SIR,

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA OXONIENSIS

THIS advis'd from Ratisbon, Dec. 31. that the laſt Letters from Vienna give great hopes of a Peace with the Malecontents; and that becauſe of the Holy-days and the abſence of ſeveral Deputies of the States of the Empire, there is a ſtop to the Buſineſs of the Diet; and that the States of the Swabian Circle have taken vigorous Reſolutions for filling up their Troops, and furniſhing their uſual Contingents for carrying on the War the enſuing Campaign; and that 'tis not Queſtion'd that the Franconian Circle will follow their example. The Advices from Hamburgh, Dec. 21. are, that the Sweediſh Officers raiſe both Recruits and New Regiments in Pomerania, and in the Dutchy of Bremen, and that they have likewiſe made new Levies at Frankfort, and in other Cities of the Empire; and that they hear the King of Sweden has given Orders for raiſing the fifth Man throughout his Territories in the Empire: That the News from Wilna, of his Sweediſh Majeſty having defeated 60000 Muſcovites is not confirm'd; That they have only Advice, that the Swedes having continued their March towards the Ukarine, arriv'd in the Dutchy of Czernichow; that the King of Sweden had taken his head Quarters in the Town of Czernichow, the Capital of that Dutchy; That he had made a Treaty with the Caſſack, whereby they have oblig'd themſelves to furniſh Proviſions for his Army, and a certain Number of Troops; and that 'tis hop'd, that for the future they ſhall have News more regularly from the Swedes, by reaſon, the Muſcovites cannot any longer intercept their Couriers; and 'tis thought, that Commence will be entirely re-eſtabliſh'd in Poland, where the extremity of the Weather has put an End to the Plague almoſt in all parts of the Country: That from Peterwaradin they write, that the Troops of Ragotski were beginning to grow numerous on the Frontier of Tranſilvania, but General Kriechbaum had caus'd all the Fortifications of the Emperor in that Country to be ſo well garriſon'd and provided, that the Malecontents did not think it practicable to attempt any Enterprize; and that the Malecontents deſign'd to have rais'd ſome men in Baſnia, had not the Turks prevented them: And that the Turkiſh Governors of the Frontier Places of Bolgrade, Temeſwaer, Sabatz, &c. have given leave for the Exportation of Corn and Horſes from thence into the Emperor's Territories. Which is all from Yours, &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TWO Diſcourſes, whereof the firſt is, an Exhortation to the ſtrict obſervance of *Aſh-wedneſday*. The Second, a Defence of thoſe, who keep Lent, and obſerve the other Faſts of the Church, in anſwer to a Divine, who ask'd the Author why he kept Lent, recommended in a Preface by Dr. George Hickes. Printed for W. Carter, at the Green Dragon in St. Paul's Church-yard.

THE Whitiſh Powder, that makes the beſt black writing Ink, call'd Holman's London Ink Powder, is now in Great Uſe for all Perſons to make their writing Ink as black and as ſtrong as they pleaſe, each Six-penny Paper weighing 2 Ounces, makes a Pint or a Pint & half of the beſt, or a Quart for Shop-keepers's common writing or marking Ink only by ſhaking or ſtirring it in ſo much Rain or River-water; and it mends all weak & pale Ink, or Ink ſpoiled by the Froſt, and Directions to each Paper of Powder to prevent Ink from freezing. 'Tis ſold by moſt Stationers, Bookſellers and Haberdaſhers, in and about London, and by Shopkeepers in the chief Cities and Towns in England, and is beſt for Carriage by Sea or Land. Is Made and Sold by Charles Holman in Red-Lion-ſtreet in Southwark: He having a Patent granted Him under the Great Seal of England, for makeing the ſame. Where you may have his beſt Ink ready made, for all Valuable Writings.

THE fine white Enamell'd Work, as it is improved according to the right Japan way, by Geo. Pſalmonaazaar, and is now carried on by him and Edward Pattanden, to whom Alone he has communicated the Secret, Is to be ſeen at his Houſe in Queen-ſtreet Weſtminſter, by any, who are curious in ſuch things. It is of as fine, ſmooth and ſhining a white as any China-ware, and the Paintings upon it done with the beſt of Colours, and according to the Indian manner. It will bear being ſcour'd as well as any Pewter, without the leaſt prejudice, either to the white ground or the painting. It never looſes its Colour, by either dampneſs of Air, Dirt, Smoak, or any other accident of the like nature. In a word, it is as good in every reſpect as any that comes from Japan.

N. B. They work it upon the Wainſcoat of Rooms, tops of Stair-caſes, Cabinets, and all other Houſehold Goods.

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